

NAZIS, AND JAPS, YOU RATS! BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

# HANGMAN

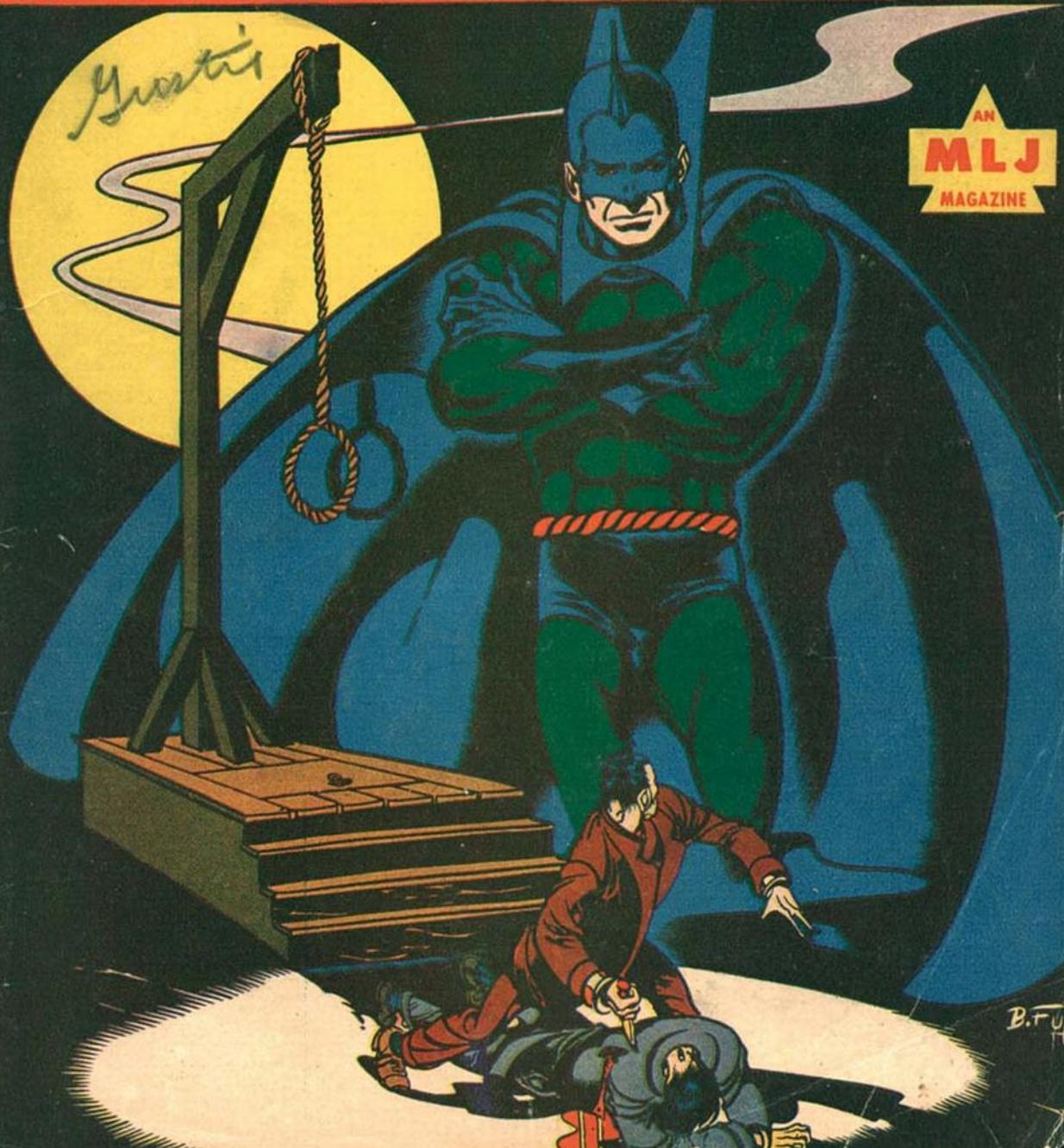
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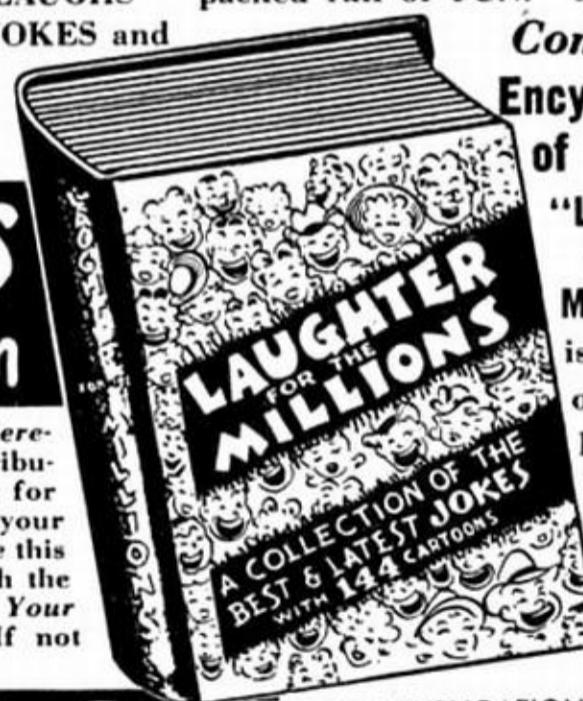
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# The HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
No 25

in the

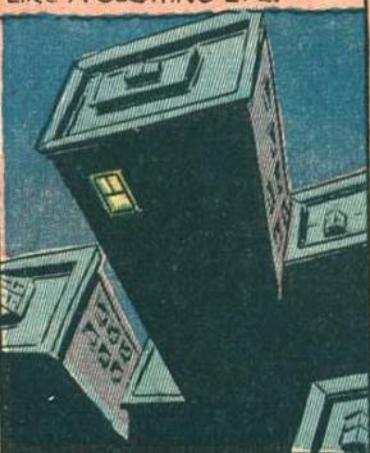
GALLOWS  
and the  
GHOUL



AS OUR STORY OPENS, BOB DICKERING, REALLY THE HANGMAN, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE GLOOM... AND HIS PACE QUICKENS!

AS HE APPROACHES A TOWERING AND GLOOMY APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH A SINGLE WINDOW GLEAMS LIKE A GLOWING EYE!

INSIDE THE LIGHTED APARTMENT A WOMAN NERVOUSLY DISTRAUGHTLY BRUSHES HER HAIR; HER FRAME TENSED AS THOUGH IN FRIGHTENED EXPECTANCY!



MOMMY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO  
MOMMY? WHY IS SHE LYING ON  
THE FLOOR SO QUIET?

IT... IT'S NOTHING JIMMY.  
YOUR MOTHER JUST  
FAINTED, THAT'S ALL!  
DON'T COME  
NEAR HER!

YOU GET HER A GLASS  
OF WATER, AND SHE'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT!

YES  
UNCLE JED

HE SAW ME! HE'LL  
TELL I DID IT! I  
MUSTN'T LET  
HIM DO THAT!

THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING  
FOR ME TO  
DO!

...KILL HIM  
TOO!

UMPH!

I CAN BREAK HIS THIN NECK SO  
EASILY---WAIT---THE WINDOW!  
THAT'S A MUCH BETTER WAY!

I'VE DONE IT! KILLED  
THEM BOTH! OH, MY  
HEAD, IT THROBS SO!

BUT TWO FORCES  
OPERATE TO SAVE  
JIMMY FROM  
SEEMINGLY CERTAIN  
DOOM! FATE AND  
THE HANGMAN!



...AND I'M GOING  
UPSTAIRS AND  
CATCH THAT  
WOULD-BE  
KILLER!



I WAS RIGHT!....  
THERE HE GOES!



I'VE GOT YOU NOW  
JED JENNINGS!



YOU...YOU KNOW  
ME, HANGMAN?



YES, I KNOW YOU ALL RIGHT-JED  
THROUGH AN OLD CLASSMATE  
AND FRIEND OF YOURS—  
BOB DICKERING!



BOB LOOKED YOU UP-SAW  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND  
ASKED ME TO KEEP A CLOSE  
WATCH ON YOU, BUT  
UNFORTUNATELY I  
FAILED!



YES... AND YOU'LL  
FAIL TO SEND ME  
TO THE GALLows  
TOO, HANGMAN!



GREAT HEAVENS! THAT  
WAS THE DOOR  
TO THE  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT!



WHY...HE'S NOT AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE  
SHAFT AT ALL! HE  
MUST HAVE CAUGHT  
ONE OF THESE  
CABLES AND  
SWUNG HIM-  
SELF THRU  
AN EXIT!



LATER, AT THE HANGMAN'S APARTMENT  
AND JENNINGS  
ESCAPED YOU,  
HANGMAN?

TEMPORARILY, BUT  
COME WHAT MAY,  
HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE  
HIMSELF!



HANGMAN, WHAT DID JED'S  
SISTER TELL YOU WHEN  
YOU DROPPED IN  
ON HER, THAT  
PUT YOU ON  
JED'S TRAIL?  
YOU'VE BEEN  
AWFULY RETICENT  
ABOUT THE WHOLE  
THING!

FOR A GOOD  
REASON, THELMA!  
IF OUR FEARS HAD  
BEEN UNFOUNDED, WE  
WOULD HAVE DONE JED  
A TERRIBLE INJUSTICE!



I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, AS SHE TOLD IT TO ME!

SHE BEGAN IT IN THE MATERNITY WARD! JED'S SISTER WAS ABOUT TO HAVE A CHILD!

JED WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY, AS THOUGH HE WERE HER HUSBAND-INSTEAD OF HER HALF BROTHER!

BUT JED KNEW HIS WIDOWED HALF SISTER DEPENDED ON HIM FOR SUPPORT, AND WHEN THE DOCTOR EMERGED



THE BABY, DOCTOR, IT'S DEAD ISN'T IT, AS YOU THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TELL ME IT'S DEAD!

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU TO WISH YOUR SISTER'S BABY DEAD? NO, THE BABY IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!

JED'S STRANGE HOPE WAS BORN OF FEAR--FOR JED WAS AN ABJECT POVERTY STRICKEN FAILURE! AND THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED TERRIFIED HIM!



HIS SPIRIT WAS BROKEN, AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE'D SIT AND BROOD, BROOD ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS OF OUR CLASS WHO HAD MADE SUCCESSES OF THEIR LIVES; AND IN HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS THEY ALL SEEMED TO MOCK AT HIM!



JED WENT FROM JOB TO JOB  
..... BUT ALWAYS IT WAS THE  
SAME STORY--HE COULDN'T  
STICK!

SORRY JENNINGS,  
WE LIKE OUR EMPLOYEES  
WITH A LITTLE SPIRIT!

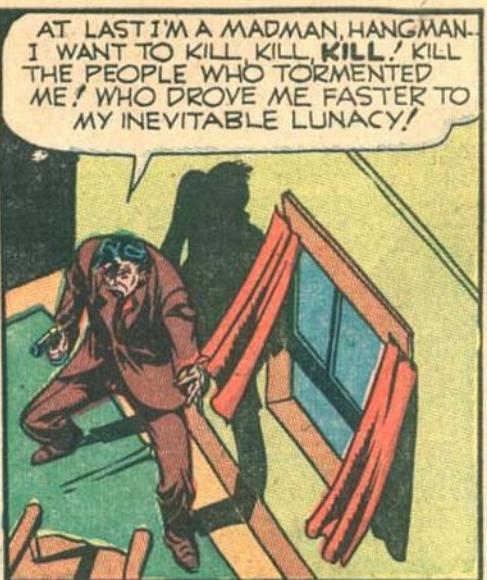
THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED  
TO MOCK JED!

WHY DO I KEEP ON LIVING?  
WHY DON'T I KILL MYSELF  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?





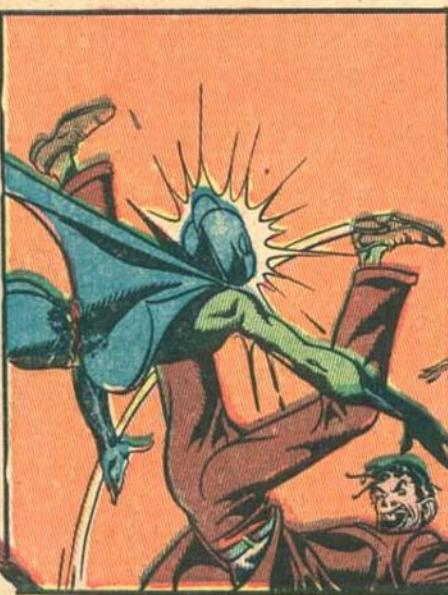
TELL HER I'M JED JENNINGS, THE MAN WHO WAS STRICKEN WITH A BRAIN DISEASE AND WAS SLOWLY GOING INSANE! HEE, HEE!



AT LAST I'M A MADMAN, HANGMAN. I WANT TO KILL, KILL, KILL! KILL THE PEOPLE WHO TORMENTED ME! WHO DROVE ME FASTER TO MY INEVITABLE LUNACY!



I FOLLOWED YOU HERE AFTER I ESCAPED YOU!  
YOU TWO SHALL BE AMONG MY FIRST VICTIMS!



NO, MY DEAR I WON'T SHOOT YOU!  
THIS IS A MUCH NICER WAY OF  
KILLING YOU - WITH MY BARE  
HANDS! HEE, HEE, HEE!

HANGMAN! HELP!

SUDDENLY, THE WEIRD AND BLOOD-FREEZING  
SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN TRANSFIGURES THE  
MANIAC!

THE HANGMAN WON'T HELP  
YOU, MY DEAR

HE WON'T EVEN  
HELP HIMSELF! HEE  
HEE, HEE!

JENNINGS! STAY  
AWAY FROM ME!  
I WARN YOU!

CRASH!

Poor  
creature!  
What a  
terrible  
way to  
die!

He's better off  
Thelma / better  
than the living  
death that  
tortured  
him for  
so many years!

# THE "PERFECT" CRIME

by Hawley Howard

THEY called him Fashion Plate. George Bryan didn't mind it. They were just ignorant village louts, loafers around the pool hall, stationery store and the little railroad station of Shady Valley; they thought, because Bryan took pride in being always carefully dressed, that he was something to jibe at. Beau Brummel. Young George Bryan secretly was pleased at being likened to the famous English dandy. Beau Brummel's name, also, had been George Bryan.

The thoughts were roaming in Bryan's mind tonight, as alone in his car he drove from New York City, out the main highway toward Shady Valley. His nickname of Fashion Plate—surely that would be an advantage this momentous night. Who would ever suspect the immaculate soft-spoken George Bryan of a deed of violence? He chuckled to himself. The villagers might think of him as a sissy, but never as a murderer. . . .

At the crossroads where the highway went on into the village, Bryan turned off onto the Lake Ontario side road. He watched his chance, so that no one saw him. The time was a quarter of ten—a hot July evening. Queer what a breathless night it was! He was conscious that his heart was pounding; his chest seemed to have a weight on it. Was he frightened, now that his chance had come? Nonsense! Just excited. Fate was with him. Every circumstance was just right. Peter Rawlings would be coming along this lonely road by the edge of the lake, in five or ten minutes now. The thing would be done, in a few minutes after that.

At a place where bushes clustered to shroud his car, Bryan turned off the road and hopped out. He was a young fellow, handsome, and as always, immaculately dressed. In the heat, he had taken off his hat and blue serge jacket and laid them on the car seat. His figure was a white blob of white shirt and carefully pressed white linen trousers, as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for Rawlings to come along. It surely wouldn't be long now. Rawlings was a methodical fellow, a creature of habit. You could always depend on him doing the same thing at the same time. He had married Bryan's younger sister, Grace about two years ago. He was rich, or at least comfortably well off—one of those fellows who watched every penny and wouldn't lend a cent to a relative without banker's security. He owned a small but prosperous department store in Thomasville, some twelve miles away. He closed it at nine-thirty; and every night like clockwork he drove home alone, leaving Thomasville at a quarter of ten and coming along this lonely little side road past Lake Ontario.

For another ten minutes Bryan silently crouched. He was tense, alert; his mind was clicking with details of just what he would do so that there would be no possibility of error. There would be no footprints here; no tracks which could be identified as the tread of his tires. The road was hard and dry; the ground all around here was rocky, right down to the rocky shore where the water lapped with a sullen murmur in the stillness.

And suddenly now, faintly in the distance he heard the

chug of Rawlings' old outmoded car. Right on schedule. Bryan's heart leaped, but he steadied himself. He stood in the shadow of a tree-trunk until he could see positively that it was Rawlings, and then he jumped forward. Rawlings, in white shirt and trousers, was a dim white blob behind the wheel. For just a second Bryan thought that there was someone in the back seat of the car behind him, but when he got closer he saw that no one else was there.

"Well, I say, that you, Peter?" he called.

Rawlings saw him and pulled up. "Hello, George," he said. He was never very cordial. "What are you doing out here?"

Bryan mastered his breathlessness. "Just coming back from New York. Wretchedly hot, isn't it? I thought I'd take a swim. Cool off." He gestured easily with a graceful hand. "My car's down the road a way—thought I'd take a ten-minute dip. Too bad you can't join me, old fellow—you've no idea how invigorating—"

Queer how difficult it was to keep his soft, suave voice normal! This damnable breathlessness! But Rawlings didn't notice. And it wasn't hard to persuade him.

"The human body really floats in water, you know," Bryan was presently saying. "It's lighter than water, when you immerse nearly all of it. But that's the trouble—the beginner wants to climb out of the water and that's what makes him sink."

Gruesome words. Somehow they made Bryan shudder inside. He had had no idea it would be so difficult to do this thing.

"Why not master your fear once and for all?" he added persuasively. "Once you do that, I can teach you to swim in two minutes."

Abruptly Rawlings set his jaw. "All right," he agreed. "I'll do it. I'll do it if it kills me. Damn it, I will."

Gruesome prophecy. . . . Why did he have to say that so much? As though something were making him say it so that Bryan would shudder, with a racing heart and excited, taut nerves to make him fumble this thing? But he wouldn't fumble it. . . . Get him to lie on his back now; and then shove him down, sit on him. . . . Hold him, just for a moment.

Bryan's chest seemed bursting with the excitement of it. But he kept his wits. Water a bit less than waist deep. That would be ideal.

"Now, relax," he heard himself saying softly. "You're tense as the devil, Peter. Don't be like that. I won't even let your face get wet. I promise. Come on now, lie back—stretch out. I'll put my hand under your neck. Can't you trust me, old fellow? Think how pleased Grace will be if she can go swimming with you next week."

So easy. A faint smile of triumph twitched at Bryan's lips as he stood beside the shivering, naked Rawlings and the

tant body of the older man eased backward with his feet coming up.

"Don't let my head go under, George!"

"No. Of course I won't."

Now, down with him! Bryan shoved suddenly. It was a chaos of horror to the panting Bryan. But he kept Rawlings' head under. . . . A minute. Two minutes. There were no air bubbles now. The air had all come out; water was going in.

And then even the twitching was stilled. The dead fingers clinging to Bryan's arms relaxed, slipped away. The legs floated up, weaving a little from the movement of the water, as though the ghastly limp white thing were still alive.

The wild panic swept Bryan as he stood shivering there in the dark; a panic of haste and terror. But he fought with it; conquered it. The thing was done, and triumph swept him. He dried himself carefully with the towel and dressed. His hair wasn't wet; that was lucky. It wasn't even mussed. There wasn't a mark on him from the struggle with the drowning Rawlings whose gripping hands had only clutched so futilely at his arms.

With the panic still on him, mingling with his chuckling triumph, Bryan climbed back into his dark little car and swiftly drove away. He did not head for Shady Valley; he was too clever for that. Instead, driving as swiftly as he dared, he circled back around Thomasville, then cut across and hit the New York Highway at a point far below Shady Valley and the Lake Ontario side road. He passed two gas stands where he was known; drove slowly enough so that the attendants would see him and respond to his wave of greeting. Exactly as though he were on his way home from the city; no possible connection with Lake Ontario. . . .

He had stopped at the bridge over Sunapee Creek, tied a big stone in the towel and sunk it. The panic was gone now; there was nothing but triumph. Nothing ahead of him now but Rawlings' money. Grace, a shocked, grieved young widow, wouldn't be niggardly with her sympathetic brother, of course. She had already done her best, pawning her jewels to help Bryan out with his gambling debts. Bryan was senior teller at the little Shady Valley bank. Groce didn't know about his six thousand-dollar shortage there, of course. That would have been discovered next week, when the bank examiners arrived; but it would be made good by Grace now, of course. He shivered at the closeness of his escape.

As he reached Center Avenue, Bryan's heart jumped. Down the broad shaded street, where the cluster of lamps over a stoop marked the brick building which was the Shady Valley Police Station, a little commotion was evident. A group of people were on the sidewalk; a big sedan was there at the curb; and inside the building there was evidently unusual activity.

Bryan hopped out and joined the crowd. "I say, what's happened?" he demanded of a pimply-faced youth.

"Oh, you, Fashion Plate." But the village boy wasn't jibing. He was awed; excited. "Your brother-in-law," he said. "Mr. Rawlings—guess he's dead—he was found down in the lake near the Thomasville cut-off."

"Why—why, good heavens, that's terrible—my brother-in-law, you say?" He knew that he should force his way into

the police station. That was the normal thing to do—a shocked relative. . . . He'd phone poor Grace from inside. . . .

He was in the police station now, with two or three uniformed men clustering around him. It was all a blur to his terrified sight. A ring of staring eyes; voices. . . . "Lookit him! Fashion Plate never looked like this before."

"Why is he so frightened?"

"Damn queer—something queer about this, fellers—"

Hands were plucking at him. What in heaven's name could this mean? Then suddenly he realized that the policemen were searching him; taking things from his pockets. His familiar things from his jacket pocket. . . .

Then abruptly one of the big policemen was saying:

"You, Bryan—when did you last see your brother-in-law?"

"Me? See Peter? Why—why, I haven't seen him for a week."

What was this? What was the matter with everybody here? These things they were taking from Bryan's pockets—

"Didn't see him tonight—not at all today?" the policeman persisted.

"No. No, of course, I didn't."

"Didn't happen to go swimming with him tonight by any chance, did you?"

"Say, what's the matter with all you people? Is this some kind of joke? Of course, I didn't go swimming. Haven't seen Peter in a week, I told you."

"But you're a good swimmer?"

"Yes. Sure I am. What in hell has that—"

"You wouldn't let your brother-in-law drown waist deep in water, would you now?"

The big sergeant gestured with grim irony to the things he was taking from Bryan's trousers' pockets. . . . A memorandum dated today, on a billhead of Rawlings' store. . . . A telegram to Rawlings. . . .

"He got that telegram at nine o'clock tonight," the sergeant said. "Stuffed it here into his trousers' pocket—"

Sickened with horror, Bryan stared down at his white linen trousers, and his whirling mind swept back. . . . That dark cluster of rocks on the storefront where he and Rawlings had undressed. . . . Their clothes had been in separate piles. Except the white trousers. He realized it now—the white trousers, both so familiar, laying partly on top of each other, with the white towel on them—just dim pallid blobs down there in the darkness of the ground. And as he dressed after the murder Bryan had been in such a panic of haste and excitement he had had no time to think of himself at all, nor in his dark car until he had come here. . . . The first time in his life that Beau Brummel had neglected his appearance!

"We've got you, Bryan—"

"Yes, you—you've got me—"

He hardly realized he was saying it. He was still blankly staring down at his white linen trousers. But they were Rawlings' white linen trousers rumpled and dirty, very far from being neatly pressed because Rawlings was no Fashion Plate!

# WORLD WONDERS



ON BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND  
IN THE SOLOMON GROUP THE  
DAYS ARE CLOUDY AND SUN  
SELDOM APPEARS YET-  
THE NATIVES ARE KNOWN  
FOR THEIR BLACK SKIN!

**SNAKES  
CANNOT BE  
CHARMED  
WITH MUSIC**

THEY ARE DEAF!  
THEY HEAR ONLY  
THRU GROUND  
VIBRATIONS!



THE TUSKS OF THE **RHINO**  
ARE NEITHER BONE NOR HORN  
BUT TIGHTLY COMPACTED  
HAIR.....



THE HAIRY TARANTULAS OF  
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA  
ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAPTURE  
AND KILL BIRDS.....

# The HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
NO. 26



~~the~~ CASE  
of the  
**PYTHON'S**  
**CURSE**

INDIA!  
LAND OF  
LEGEND/  
LAND OF  
THE WEIRD  
AND SUPER  
NATURAL!  
IT IS HERE,  
OUR  
STRANGE  
UNBELIEV-  
ABLE  
TALE  
BEGINS!  
IT IS ONLY  
HERE SUCH  
A TALE  
COULD  
BEGIN!  
IN  
INDIA!

IN THE BUSTLING  
MARKET PLACE OF  
AN ANCIENT HINDU  
TOWN!...

.. THREE  
EXPLORERS  
CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH  
A SNAKE CHARMER--

LOOK,  
BAXTER!  
GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THERE  
IT IS!  
THE RARE  
RINGED  
PYTHON!

IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE  
IN THE STATES, BUT THAT  
CHARMER'D NEVER SELL IT  
TO US! TO HIM, IT'S SACRED!  
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN TO  
GET IT! .... LISTEN...

LATE THAT NIGHT, THE UNSCRUPULOUS  
FORTUNE HUNTERS PUT THEIR PLAN INTO  
EFFECT.....

CAREFUL, WYLIE!  
WE DON'T WANT TO  
HAVE TO KILL  
THIS GUY!!

THE PYTHON IS IN  
THAT JAR! I SAW  
HIM PUT IT THERE!

SUDDENLY... .

AARRHHH...  
HELP!!

HOLY MACKERAL!  
GRAB  
ANOTHER SNAKE!  
THE JAR,  
BEFORE  
THE HINDU  
AWAKES!

BAXTER... WYLIE...  
BEING CRUSHED...  
HELP...  
YAAAAAA...

C'MON, NOTHING WE  
CAN DO FOR HIM NOW!  
LET'S SAVE OUR  
OWN SKINS!

BUT THE HINDU AWAKENS,  
AND...

THE CURSE OF  
THE SACRED PYTHON  
BE ON YOUR SOULS,  
FOUL INFIDELS!

WELL, BAXTER,  
U.S.A. NEXT  
STOP. AND  
ALL THE MONEY  
WE WANT!

YES, WYLIE!  
FOR A SPECIMEN  
LIKE THIS  
**RINGED PYTH-ON**, WE CAN  
NAME OUR  
OWN PRICE!

AND IN NEW YORK...

HALF A  
MILLION  
DOLLARS FOR  
THE SNAKE,  
AND NOT A  
CENT LESS!

YOU DRIVE  
A HARD  
BARGAIN,  
BAXTER,  
BUT IT'S  
A DEAL!

SO, IT IS ONE OF THE EX-  
PLORERS, BAXTER, BUYS A  
BEAUTIFUL HOME, WITH HIS  
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS....



AND INSIDE...

I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING  
NOW, AND ALL FOR THE  
PRICE OF A SNAKE CHARMER'S  
CURSE! HA, HA, HA!



..ORIENTAL MUSIC! LIKE  
THAT SNAKE CHARMER  
PLAYED! MUST BE MY  
IMAGINATION! I... I... I  
BETTER GET SOME  
SLEEP!!



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, BAXTER REMAINS AS THOUGH ROOTED TO HIS BED.. THEN...

TIGHTER, AND TIGHTER, THE PYTHON COILS ITSELF AROUND THE HELPLESS VICTIM AND ALL THE WHILE THE WEIRD MUSIC BECOMES LOUDER.....



STILL TIGHTER! UNTIL THE VICTIM'S FEEBLE STRUGGLES FOREVER CEASE...



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE IN HERE... EEE --- MR. BAXTER.. MR. BAXTER... WHAT'S HAPPENED?



POLICE.. POLICE.. THIS IS MR. BAXTER'S MAID! HURRY OVER! MR. BAXTER'S DEAD! MURDERED!



DEAD ENOUGH ALL  
RIGHT, DICKERING!  
EVERY BONE IN  
HIS BODY IS BROKEN!  
HOW THE HECK COULD  
IT HAVE HAPPENED?

A CERTAIN TYPE OF  
**SNAKE** COULD  
HAVE DONE IT  
CHIEF! A BOA-  
CONSTRICtor, OR  
A PYTHON!

YOU, AND YOUR COCKEYED  
THEORIES! WHAT WOULD  
A **SNAKE** BE DOIN'  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS, DICKERING?

I DON'T  
KNOW! I  
JUST  
THOUGHT!



WHY, MR.  
BAXTER JUST  
SOLD A SNAKE  
TO THE ZOO,  
GENTLEMEN!

SO WHAT? IF THE  
SNAKE HAD ES-  
CAPED, THEY'D  
HAVE NOTIFIED  
THE POLICE!

LOOKS LIKE THE CHIEF'S  
DETERMINED NOT TO BE-  
LIEVE MY SNAKE THEORY!  
I'M GOING TO HAVE A  
PRIVATE  
CHAT WITH  
THAT  
MAID!

YES, MR. DICKERING!  
MR. BAXTER HAD  
A COUPLA OTHERS  
GORLEY  
WITH HIM IN  
INDIA! A. MR.  
GORLEY, AND  
A MR. WILEY!

AND YOU  
SAY,  
GORLEY  
DIDN'T  
COME BACK  
WITH 'EM,  
EH ??



WELL, S'LONG,  
CHIEF! GOTTA SEE  
A MAN ABOUT  
A SNAKE!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE WAY YOU  
SAY THAT, DICKERING  
WHAT ARE YEZ  
UP TO?

EXIT, BOB DICKERING! ENTER THE  
HANGMAN! AND NOW, WE'LL SEE, WHAT  
MR. WILEY HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY SNAKE  
HUNCH! FORTUNATELY, THAT MAID  
KNEW HIS ADDRESS!!



I DON'T KNOW, WHY IT IS! BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL AS THOUGH I MUST HURRY! AS THOUGH THE SAME FATE IS HANGING OVER WILEY'S HEAD!



THIS IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD! NOT A VERY NICE ONE FOR A FELLOW, WHO JUST MADE A FORTUNE, SELLING A SNAKE!



IN WILEY'S HOUSE...

PERHAPS, I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY SHARE OF THAT MONEY, DEAR! I COULD HAVE GIVEN YOU NICE THINGS, AND...

NO, DARLING! YOU DID RIGHT IN SENDING IT TO GORLEY'S WIDOW!



IT WAS BLOOD MONEY.. AND WE NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY WITH IT!

YES! I NEVER WANTED TO STEAL THAT SNAKE! BUT BAXTER TALKED ME INTO IT! WELL, GOOD NIGHT, DEAR!!



I DIDN'T TELL MY WIFE ABOUT THAT HORRIBLE CURSE, THE SNAKE CHARMER FLUNG AFTER US! IT'S ONLY NONSENSE ANYWAY, BUT IT MIGHT ALARM HER!!!



WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC!.. ORIENTAL MUSIC! RIGHT OUTSIDE MY WINDOW!



WHO'D BE PLAYING MUSIC ANYWAY, THIS TIME OF NIGHT? AND SUCH A WEIRD TUNE!



**WAIT! THAT WAS THE  
MUSIC, WE HEARD IN INDIA!  
THE SNAKE CHARMER'S  
MUSIC! THE CURSE!  
BUT.. BUT IT CAN'T  
BE!!**



**YEE OOWN..  
THE RINGED  
PYTHON!**



**IT... IT'S GOT ME  
HYPNOTIZED! I...  
CAN'T MOOVE!**



**SUDDENLY, THE GLOOM  
ERUPTS THE LITHE FIGURE  
OF THE HANGMAN....**



**...AND AS THE HANGMAN  
BATTLES THE DEADLY PYTHON,  
A KNIFE FLASHES THROUGH  
THE AIR, AND.....**



TH.. THANKS,  
FOR TRYING  
TO HELP! BUT  
NO USE, COULDN'T  
ESCAPE THE CURSE!  
CURSE OF  
THE  
SACRED  
PYTHON!  
ONLY RING-  
ED PYTHON  
IN EXISTENCE!  
AAAHHHHH...

YES! AND  
YOU SHALL  
**DIE** TOO,  
MEDDLER!



ON SECOND THOUGHT,  
I'D BETTER LET HIM  
LIVE, AND CARRY THE TALE  
OF THE CURSE!



SO THAT  
RINGED  
PYTHON IS  
THE ONLY  
ONE OF  
IT'S KIND IN  
EXISTENCE  
EH ??

Ooo-- MY HEAD!  
MIGHT THINK A  
BLACKSMITH PLAYED  
THE ANVIL CHORUS  
ON IT, IF I HADN'T  
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE  
OF THAT HINDU  
BEFORE HE  
CONKED  
ME!

HELLO,  
CHIEF!!  
BETTER  
HUSTLE  
DOWN HERE!  
ANOTHER  
CUSTOMER FOR  
YOU!!

THAT MEANS,  
THAT IT **MUST**  
HAVE COME  
FROM THE  
ZOO!



...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REMOVE A SNAKE FROM THE ZOO, WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED TO THE POLICE...IF THE ZOO-KEEPER HIMSELF TOOK IT!!!

AH..THE RINGED PYTHON IS MISSING FROM HIS CAGE, THAT MEANS I GOT HERE BEFORE IT COULD BE PUT BACK!

AS THOUGH WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE...

YOU DON'T CATCH ME, THE SECOND TIME!

SNAKES



YOU'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF PITCHING!

NOW, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT CATCHING!

YOUR JIG'S UP....

EULP!



-- MR. GORLEY!, ALIAS, THE SNAKE CHARMER ! ! !

AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR TWO FELLOW EXPLORERS, BAXTER, AND WILEY! HANG, DO YOU HEAR?

NO, I WON'T, HANGMAN! I DON'T KNOW, HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT!

THUD



.. BUT THOSE RATS LEFT ME TO DIE! I ESCAPED AFTER ALL! I GOT A JOB AS A GUARD IN THIS ZOO, SO I COULD HAVE ACCESS TO THE PYTHON!

THAT HINDU'S CURSE GAVE ME THE IDEA ON HOW TO GET MY REVENGE! SO I DISGUISED MYSELF AS HIM!

BUT NOW, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, TOO, HANGMAN! YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME!

WATCH OUT, THE PYTHON!!!

WHA--

HANGMAN! HELP! IT'S STRANGLING ME!

GOOD LORD! THAT THING'S GOT HIM AROUND THE THROAT.. LIKE A NOOSE!

DEAD! HE WAS HANGED BY THE NECK, AFTER ALL!

POOR MISGUIDED FOOL! HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, IF I HADN'T BEATEN HIM BACK TO THE ZOO! BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, WITH CRIMINALS! THERE'S ALWAYS THAT IF!

HAVE YOU TUNED IN ON THE BLACK HOOD? EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ON THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING COMPANY! WRITE STATION WOR N.Y.C., N.Y. AND TELL THEM YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP HEARING THE BLACK HOOD! WRITE NOW!

# THE BLACK HOOD

## WANTS YOU

TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... AND TUNE IN! A TWIST OF THE DIAL... AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS, SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS.. WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... THE BLACK HOOD! WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN M.L.J. PUBLICATION.. YOU'RE READING THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO THE BLACK HOOD STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.

# The HANGMAN

Special Case  
no. 27

Pirates  
out of  
the  
Past



A STRANGE GHOSTLY FOG HANGS OVER THE OCEAN.. BUT NO STRANGER IS IT THAN THE SHIP IT BLANKETS - AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON

AND IN THE CROW'S NEST LAND! LAND DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN BALBO!

LAND AT LONG LAST! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE LAND AGAIN!

SI, CAPTAIN BALBO! IT MUST BE MONTHS SINCE WE FIRST FLOATED INTO THE FOG!

YES! I WAS ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS BAD LUCK FOR US TO HAVE PLUNDERED AND SUNK THAT SHIP CARRYING THE SPANISH CHURCH'S GOLD!

HA, HA, HA, HA

...THE DATE - 1498

IS THIS SOME JEST? AN ANCIENT SHIP WHOSE CREW SEEMS MADE UP OF ANCIENT PIRATES? AND YET WHEN THE PIRATE CAPTAIN GOES TO HIS QUARTERS, HE OPENS HIS LOG BOOK AND INSCRIBES IN IT SERIOUSLY ENOUGH

MAKE FOR THAT COVE, MEN!

I, CAPTAIN BALBO CLAIM THIS LAND! WE SHALL BUILD OUR HEADQUARTERS HERE!

AND ON THIS VERY SPOT SHALL WE BURY OUR LOOT!



BUT UNSEEN, THERE IS A SPECTATOR TO THE BIZARRE SCENE ON THE BEACH...

GEE WHIZ... GOLLY!  
PIRATES! MAYBE THEY'RE  
MAKIN' A MOVING  
PICTURE!

A MOVING PICTURE... PERHAPS! AND YET THE CAST OF CHARACTERS SEEM CURIOUSLY SINCERE.

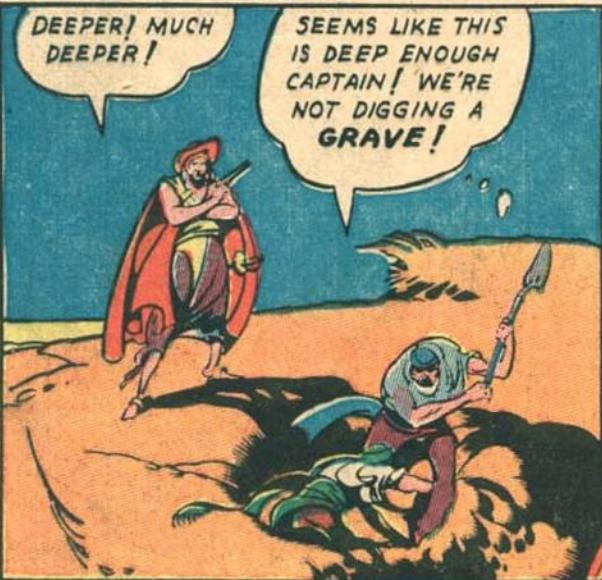
START DIGGING HERE, MATIES!

AYE, AYE,  
CAPTAIN  
BALBO!



DEEPER! MUCH DEEPER!

SEEMS LIKE THIS  
IS DEEP ENOUGH  
CAPTAIN! WE'RE  
NOT DIGGING A  
GRAVE!

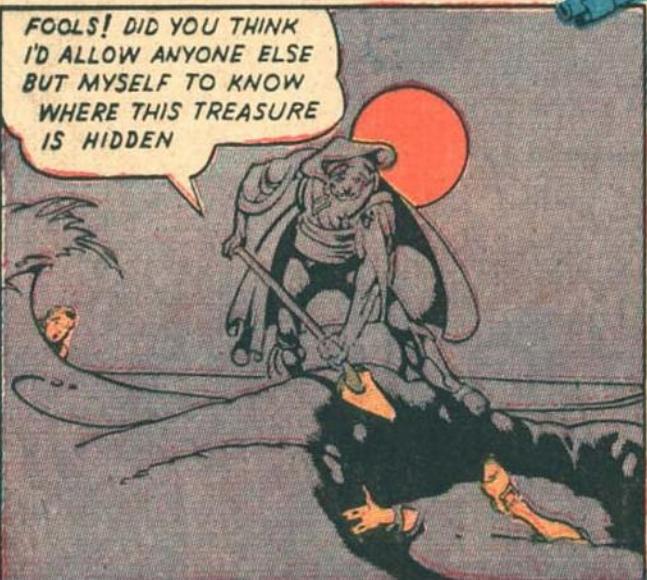


SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S EYES GLEAM WICKEDLY AND HE DRAWS A PAIR OF ANCIENT PISTOLS...

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE MATES! YOU ARE DIGGING A GRAVE! YOUR GRAVE! HA, HA, HA, HA!



FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I'D ALLOW ANYONE ELSE BUT MYSELF TO KNOW WHERE THIS TREASURE IS HIDDEN



THEN IT IS, THE CURIOUS YOUNGSTER REALIZES THIS SCENE IS REAL...

HE... HE KILLED 'EM - THE MURDERER!



I'M GONNA CALL THE COPS!

WHA.. THE HANGMAN!

WHOA, YOUNG FELLOW! YOU SEEM IN A TERRIBLE HURRY!



IT WOULDN'T BE THAT PIRATE SHIP THAT FRIGHTENED YOU SO!  
YOU SAW IT TOO, HANGMAN?



THEN MAYBE YOU SAW THE PIRATE CAPTAIN MURDER TWO OF HIS MEN AN' BURY 'EM BACK THERE WITH THE TREASURE...



MURDER... BURIED TREASURE... SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING ONLY A KID WOULD DREAM UP-IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT CRAZY SHIP MYSELF.. C'MON YOUNG FELLOW! SHOW ME WHERE...



I LINED UP THE PIRATE SHIP WITH THIS ROTTED HULK. IS THIS WHERE YOU SAW THE PIRATES?

NO! A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH!



THERE IT IS, HANGMAN! THE PIRATES MARKED THE SPOT WITH THAT STAKE!



HMM... LEFT THE SHOVEL HERE, TOO! MUST PLAN ON RETURNING SOON. BETTER START DIGGING FAST!



YOU WERE RIGHT...  
AND IT SOUNDS AS  
THOUGH THIS TRUNK  
REALLY CONTAINS  
COINS OF SOME  
KIND! BY THE WAY,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME, SON?

JOEY! BOY, I NEVER DREAMED  
I'D BE HELPIN'  
YOU, HANGMAN!

HOLY COW! SPANISH DOUBLOONS, AT LEAST  
500 YEARS OLD! AND LOOK AT THE DATE ON  
THIS LOG BOOK!

1

OH! OH! WE'VE  
GOT COMPANY!  
AND NOT VERY  
PLEASANT  
COMPANY  
BY THE  
LOOKS  
OF THEM!

2

OKAY, BOYS!  
I WON'T ARGUE!  
IF IT'S YOUR  
LOG BOOK YOU  
WANT, HERE  
IT IS!

3

I, CAPTAIN  
BALBO, SHALL  
KILL YOU!  
SO YOU  
SPEAK  
ENGLISH!  
THANKS  
FOR THE  
INTRODUC-  
TION!

4

HANGMAN! HANGMAN  
HELP!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE HANGMAN HIMSELF, IS IN DEADLY PERIL AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN DEXTEROUSLY DISARMS HIM, AND ADVANCES WITH THE WICKED LOOK OF MURDER GLEAMING IN HIS EYES!



BUT THEN, ANOTHER PIRATE SKULKS UP FROM BEHIND AND...

WHOP

BOUND AND UNCONSCIOUS, THE HANGMAN AND JOEY ARE TAKEN TO THE GHOST SHIP...



WHO ARE YOU,  
CAPTAIN BALBO, OR  
WHATEVER YOUR  
NAME IS? WHAT'S  
YOUR RACKET?

RACKET! RACKET! YOU  
SPEAK A STRANGE ENGLISH  
TONGUE! BUT IT MATTERS  
NOT! YOU  
TWO SHALL  
FETCH A  
HANDSOME  
RANSOM!



CAPTAIN BALBO!  
COME QUICK! I  
OVERHEARD THE  
MEN TALKING OF  
MUTINY!

WHAT!



AYE! THEY KNOW YOU  
BURIED THE TREASURE TO  
CHEAT THEM OF IT! AND  
THEY FOUND THE BODIES OF  
PEDRO AND JUAN  
WHOM YOU SHOT!

THE FILTHY  
SCUM! COME  
WITH ME,  
CUCARACHA



LISTEN TO ME, YOU SWINE  
'TWILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO  
PLOT AGAINST ME! I HAVE  
SPIES AMONG YOU. I KNOW  
YOUR EVERY MOVE!



I COULD KILL YOU ALL, NOW. BUT I SHALL SHOW YOU I AM YOUR FRIEND, AND POINT OUT ONE OF MY SPIES!



THERE HE IS—  
CUCARACHA!

CAPTAIN BALBO,  
YOU CURSED TRAITOR!



KILL  
THE  
SPY!

HANG HIM  
FROM THE  
YARDARM!



SQUEALING WITH TERROR, THE COCKROACH FRANTICALLY TRIES TO ELUDE HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY VENGEFUL PURSUITERS—AND A WILD CHASE ENSUES...



I'VE GOT YOU NOW...  
I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!

...I DIDN'T TELL  
ANYTHING, I SWEAR IT...  
CAPTAIN BALBO LIED!

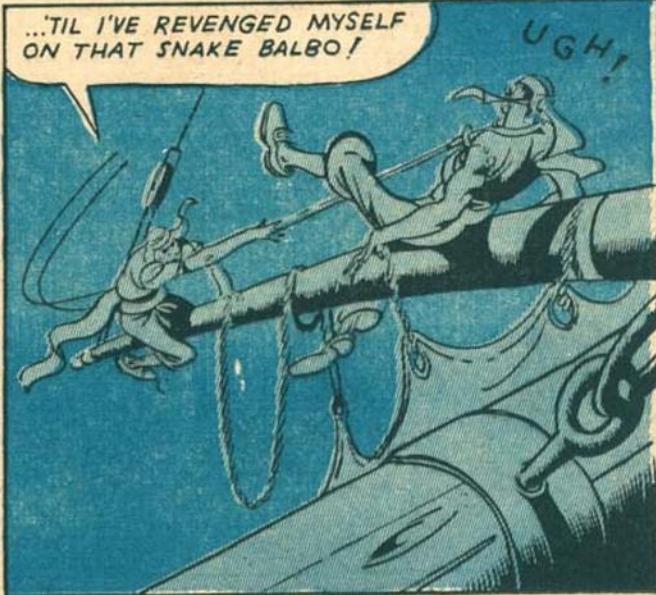


KEEP AWAY FROM ME! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I WARN YOU... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME! NOBODY'S GOING TO KILL ME....



...TIL I'VE REVENGED MYSELF  
ON THAT SNAKE BALBO!

UGH,



BUT THE COCKROACH  
LOSES HIS BALANCE AND  
TOPPLES OFF HIS PERCH.

1

AAAIEE



2



STILL ALIVE AND  
KICKING, EH?  
FEED 'IM TO THE  
SHARKS, MEN!

3



AS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO,  
WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH  
YOU YET! WE WANT OUR  
SHARE OF THAT LOOT—AND  
WE WANT IT NOW!

CERTAINLY, YOU  
GET YOUR SHARES!  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I'D CHEAT YOU,  
DO YOU?

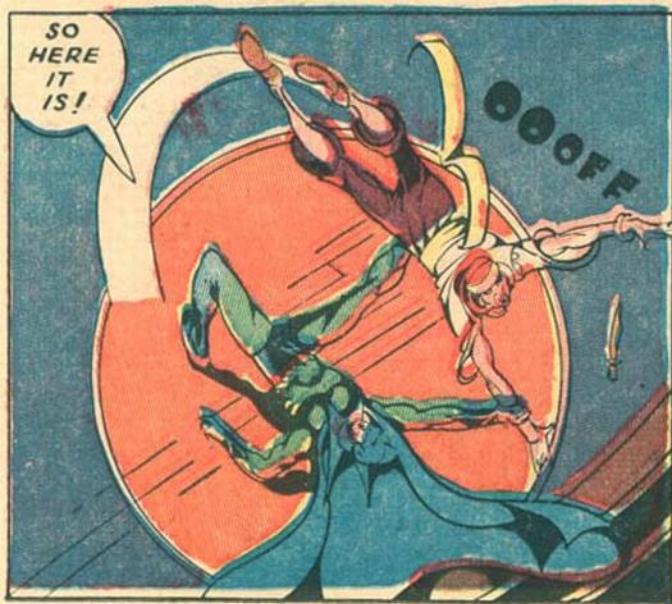
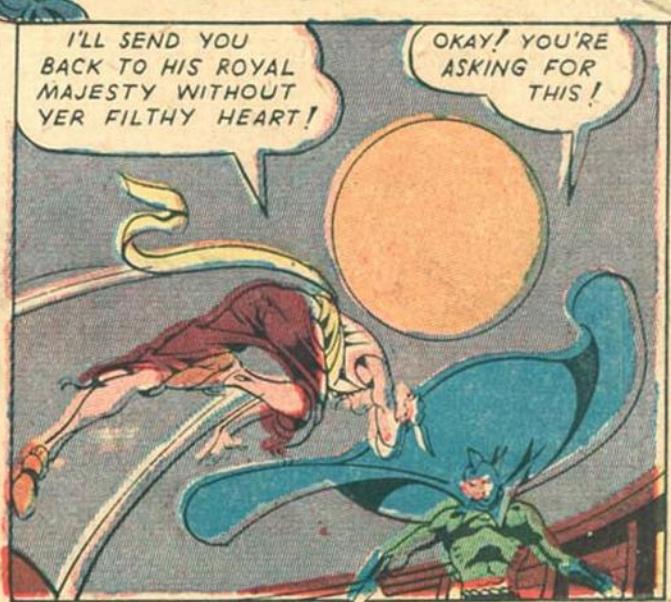
NEVER  
MIND THE  
TALK! JUST  
DIVIDE  
THE  
SPOILS!

JUST A MINUTE, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE—OR HOW YOU GOT HERE! BUT  
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! IT'S POINTLESS  
TO SQUABBLE AMONG YOURSELVES ABOUT  
YOUR BLOODY SPOILS!



IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THEN YOU ALL  
SHOULD HAVE DIED MORE THAN 4  
CENTURIES AGO! THIS IS THE YEAR 1943!  
THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GIVE  
YOURSSELVES UP TO  
THE PROPER  
AUTHORITIES!





HELP MATES!  
A SHARK!  
HELP...

YEEOWW....  
HE'S GOT ME BY  
THE LEG!....

AT 'IM LADS! WE'LL  
FINISH 'IM OFF  
QUICK!

WOW... LOOK'S LIKE  
MY GOOSE IS COOKED!  
I CAN'T FIGHT THE  
WHOLE CREW!  
UNARMED!

JUST AS THINGS SEEM HOPELESS FOR THE  
HANGMAN, FATE COMES TO HIS AID IN THE  
SHAPE OF AN OCTOPUS, DREAD DENIZEN OF  
THE DEEP, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF  
BLOOD...

AND THE HANGMAN, TRUE TO HIS  
CODE OF HONOR, GOES TO THE AID  
OF HIS HELPLESS ENEMIES...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THAT ACCURSED KING'S AGENT... AND SOME OF THOSE MUTINOUS SWINE, TOO!

WHAT IN... THE RAT'S TURNING THE CANNON ON HIS OWN MEN!

AN ANCIENT BUT MURDEROUS WEAPON, CUTS A WIDE SWATH OF DEATH IN THE RANKS.



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN YOUR TIME CAPT. BALBO! BUT I'LL BE YOUR HANGMAN IN THIS CENTURY!

YOU'LL BE A DEAD HANGMAN AS SOON AS I PULL THIS... UGH

I TOLD YE THE COCKROACH'D GET HIS REVENGE CAPTAIN BALBO!



THEY'RE ALL DEAD... EVERY LAST ONE OF THE CREW!

HANGMAN! LOOK, I FOUND THE LOGBOOK!

HMM... IT'S BALBO'S LOG BOOK ALL RIGHT! WITH ALL HIS CRIMES RECORDED HERE! CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE 15TH CENTURY!

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S TRUE HANGMAN?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, JOEY. IT ALL SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC, AND YET.... JOEY! WATCH OUT! THAT MAST! IT'S TOPPLING OUR WAY!

JUMP! THE WHOLE SHIP IS CRACKING UP. IT'LL SINK ANY MINUTE!



THAT'S FUNNY, ONE MINUTE IT SEEMED SOLID ENOUGH, AND THE NEXT, IT WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES!

HOW'RE WE GONNA GET BACK TO SHORE... I CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR!



FORTUNATELY JOEY'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER WHICH COMES STEAMING UP



I DON'T GET IT. WE JUST PICKED YOU UP - AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO DOWN IN A DIVING HELMET? WHY?



GREAT SCOT! THIS IS THE SPOT IT SANK. I'M POSITIVE! AND YET...

THE SHIP AND THE CREW ARE ALL ROTTED AWAY - JUST AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN HERE FOR CENTURIES...



WELL, HANGMAN, ARE YOU READY TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? DID YOU GET THE PROOF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?

YES, CAPTAIN, I CONVINCED MYSELF! AS FOR THE STORY, IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD AS AN OFFICIAL REPORT - SO PERHAPS IT HAD BEST BE LEFT UNTOLD!



# The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE

WHO MURDERED WENDEL  
WHITE ??? HE WAS CRUELLY  
KILLED BY ONE OF FIVE  
RELATIVES WHO WORKED FOR  
HIM... WHO DID IT ? THE HANGMAN  
KNOWS -- DO YOU ?



THIS IS TOBEY WHITE, CAPTAIN  
OF THE YACHT...



THIS IS CABOT WHITE, THE  
ARTIST...



THIS IS BARON WHITE,  
THE BAKER



THIS IS CAROL WHITE,  
FAMILY ORGANIST...

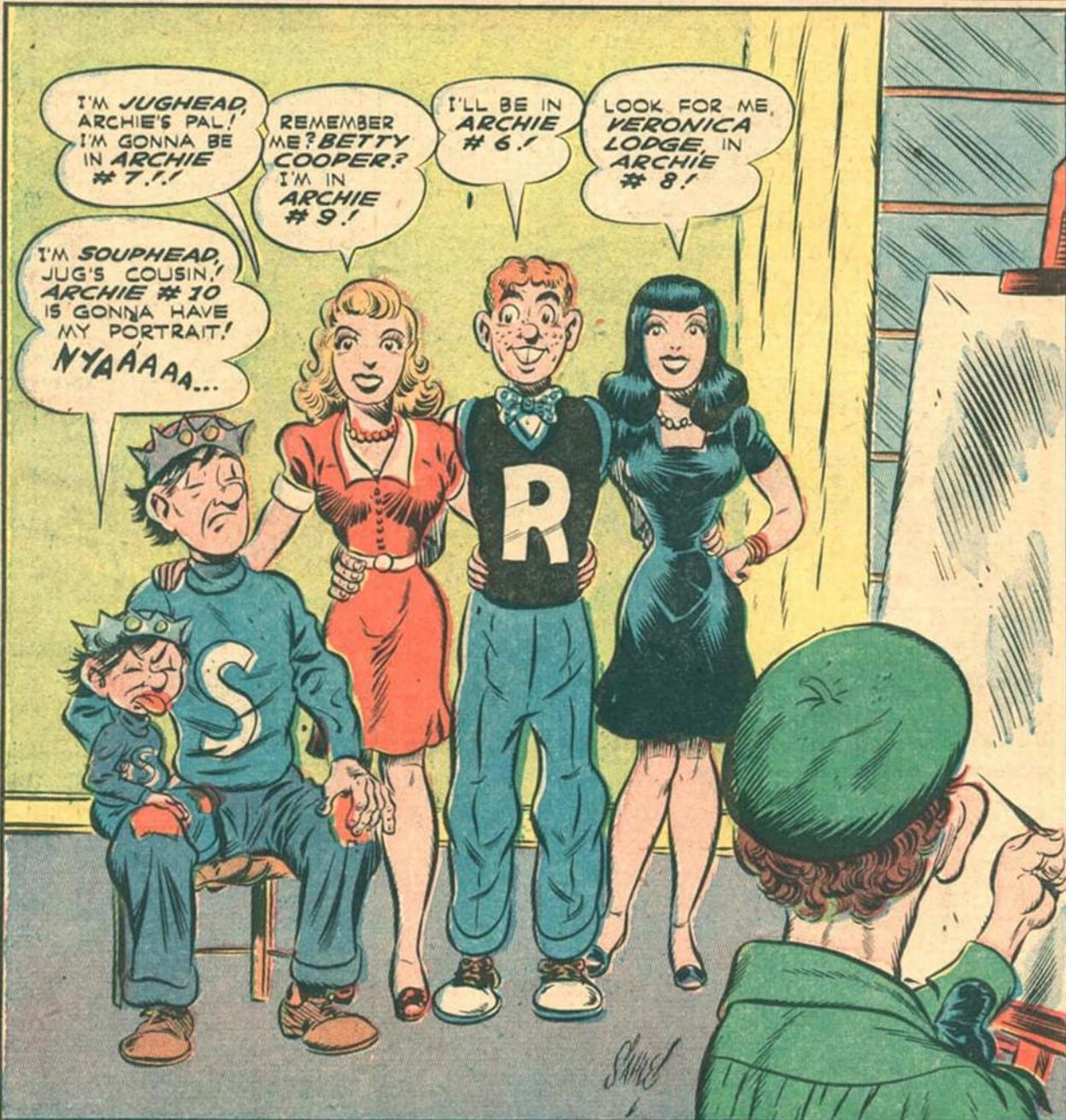


THIS IS GARRY WHITE, THE  
FAMILY TAILOR

HERE IS THE HANGMAN'S CLUE ... JUST TAKE  
THE FIRST LETTER OF THE JOB OF EACH  
SUSPECT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE NAME  
OF THE KILLER ... HERE IS THE ANSWER TO READ  
IT HOLD IT UP TO A MIRROR **TOBAC**

# GREAT NEWS

STARTING IN ARCHIE COMICS #6, THE ARTIST WILL DRAW PAGE-SIZED FULL-COLORED AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS OF ARCHIE AND HIS GANG! THESE PORTRAITS ARE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING! EVERY ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS WILL CONTAIN ONE OF THESE PORTRAITS!!



DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS ON YOUR RADIO! ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, OVER W.J.Z. AND THE BLUE NETWORK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME! AND REMEMBER, ARCHIE WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER OR POSTCARD TO, ARCHIE ANDREWS, CARE OF, STATION W.J.Z., NEW YORK CITY! DO IT NOW! HE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!!

# ROY and DUSTY The Boy Buddies

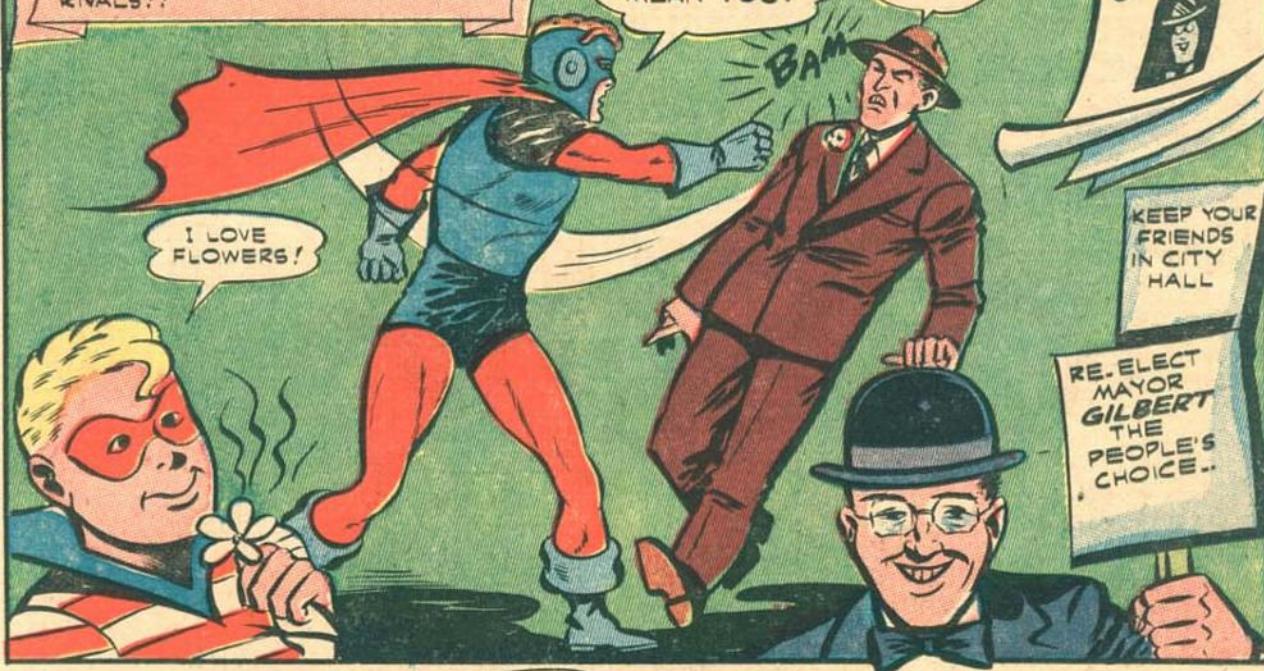
ELECTION TIME DRAWS CLOSE, BUT THIS YEAR, THE CITY GOES ABOUT IT'S BUSINESS CALMLY! THE VOTE IS MERE FORMALITY, FOR POPULAR MAYOR GILBERT HAS NO REAL RIVALS!!

BY  
• Bill Vigoda

DAILY  
ALL PARTIES  
CONCEDE  
RE-ELECTION  
FOR  
GILBERT

KEEP YOUR  
FRIENDS  
IN CITY  
HALL

RE-ELECT  
MAYOR  
GILBERT  
THE  
PEOPLE'S  
CHOICE..



WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS? AN UNKNOWN MAN ELECTED MAYOR OF A GREAT CITY?



CONGRATULATIONS,  
MAYOR BINGLE!

WHO IS IT?  
OH, IT'S YOU,  
SAM! WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT??



THE NEWS SINKS IN...

COME IN..  
DON'T GET  
EXCITED.. WHAT  
DID YOU SAY?  
MAYOR?  
W-WHO?  
M-ME?

THAT'S RIGHT!  
YOU'VE BEEN  
ELECTED!



BY A LANDSLIDE!  
THE BIGGEST UPSET  
IN HISTORY.. WHY,  
MR. MAYOR!



NOR IS THE NEW MAYOR THE  
ONLY ONE SURPRISED AT THE  
OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION..

THE WHOLE CITY'S  
WORKED UP ABOUT  
THE ELECTION,  
DUSTY!

CITY STUNNED  
BY DARK  
HORSE MAYOR

I STILL  
DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

IT'S NO  
WONDER  
ROY!

BOY! EVERYBODY'S  
ACTING AS THOUGH  
IT'S THE EIGHT  
WONDER OF  
THE WORLD!

CAN'T  
SAY I  
BLAME  
'EM! LET'S  
LOOK IN ON  
OLD BINGLE,  
ROY!

IMAGINE, AN  
AMATEUR  
RUNNING THIS  
CITY!!

AT CITY HALL...

I DON'T  
KNOW! IT'S  
A LONG TIME,  
SINCE WE  
DID HIM  
THAT  
FAVOR!

THINK,  
HE'LL  
REMEMBER  
US??



IMAGINE THAT!  
AFTER RUNNING  
FOR EVERY  
OFFICE IN THE  
BOOKS ON A  
REFORM  
PLATFORM,  
HE BECOMES  
MAYOR!

YEAH!  
MAYBE  
HE'LL TELL  
US, HOW  
HE DID IT!

BOY! DUSTY!  
AM I GLAD  
YOU CAME!

HELLO, MR. BINGLE!  
WE DIDN'T THINK  
YOU'D REMEMBER  
US!!

HOW DID YOU  
SWING IT, BIN...  
ER.. MR. MAYOR?

THE ELECTION BOARD  
FORGOT TO TAKE MY  
NAME OFF THE BALLOT..  
IT'S ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!  
I HAVEN'T ANY PROGRAM,  
AND NOW, THAT I'M MAYOR,  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO!

MAYOR  
PRIVATE

KNOCK  
KNOCK

YOU MEAN, YOU  
DON'T WANT TO  
BE MAYOR?

WANT TO  
BE MAYOR?

WHY I EVEN VOTED  
AGAINST MYSELF!  
JUST TEN MINUTES AGO  
A MAN WAS MURDERED!  
THE WHOLE TOWN IS  
A HOT BED OF  
CRIME! HOW CAN I,  
AN UNKNOWN  
EXPECT TO COPE  
WITH THESE  
ORGANIZED  
POLITICIANS, AND  
GANGSTERS!

WELL, SO LONG, MR.  
MAYOR, WE'VE GOT  
A JOB TO DO!

MAYBE WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO  
HELP IN SOME  
WAY!

NO ONE  
CAN HELP  
ME, IT'S TOO  
FANTASTIC!!

OUTSIDE, DUSTY LEADS HIS PAL INTO A  
HALLWAY.. THEY EMERGE AS THE  
BOY DETECTIVE AND SUPER-BOY...

WE'D BETTER GET INTO UNIFORM.. I SEE WORK AHEAD!  
I'M WITH YOU, ROY, BUT WHAT'S COOKIN'?

I SWIPED THIS NOTE  
FROM THE MAYOR'S  
DESK!!

SOUNDS INTERESTING  
LET'S INVESTIGATE!

WELL, THIS IS  
THE HOUSE!  
BUT WE CAN'T  
GET IN THIS  
WAY! THE  
POLICE ARE  
HERE!!

LET'S TRY  
THE BACK!

MEMORANDUM  
TO MAYOR BINGLE  
FROM POLICE DEP  
SLIMY PAGANO  
NOTORIOUS BOOKIE  
WAS FOUND DEAD  
AT 24 ELM ST.  
CLUES HAVE  
NOT BEEN  
DISCOVERED!

IF WE CAN GET THAT COP AWAY,  
WE CAN CLIMB IN!

SURE.. BUT  
HOW? SAY!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

HERE'S A  
RECORD OF  
SLIMY'S BETS!

HE WAS ABOUT  
TO MAKE A  
GETAWAY, WHEN  
HE WAS  
SHOT, OH..  
OH, THE  
COP'S SEEN  
US!

HEY!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOIN'  
OUT THERE?

IT'S A  
PACKAGE,  
CONTAINING  
A TOOTHBRUSH  
AND RAILROAD  
TICKETS.. HE  
WAS GOING  
SOMEWHERE  
FAST!!

THE BOYS QUICKLY DART AWAY...

STEP ON IT  
DUSTY.. WE DON'T  
WANT TO GET  
CAUGHT NOW!

I'D SWEAR,  
THEY CAME  
OUT THIS  
WAY!

ATTENTION!  
CALLING ALL  
CARS!!

QUIET!  
LISTEN!  
THE  
RADIO!

A BOOKIE JOINT,  
EH? I'LL BET IT'S  
CONNECTED WITH  
THIS!

YEAH! LET'S START  
INVESTIGATING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

A SHOOTING'S  
BEEN REPORTED AT  
WESTOVER, BOOKIE  
HANGOUT! THAT  
IS ALL!!

THE POLICE HAVEN'T  
ARRIVED YET!  
LET'S GO THROUGH  
THE BACK  
WINDOW!

WESTOVER  
BILLIARDS



GET 'EM YOU FOOL---THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO FRY US!

PHEW! THAT ONE WAS PRETTY CLOSE!

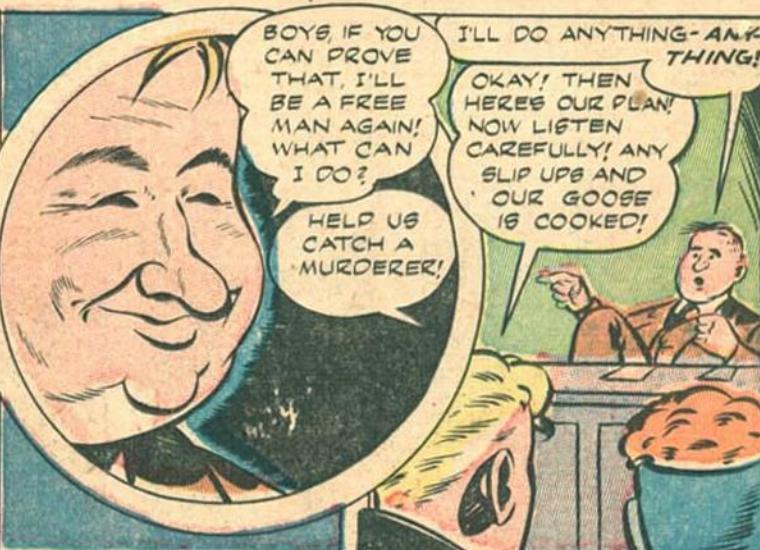
THEY WON'T FIND US HERE! NOW LET'S SEE --- HERE IT IS-- DIXON, \$5,000 ON BINGLE AT TWENTY TO ONE!

HE'S DOWN HERE FOR \$6,000 AT THE SAME ODDS! NO WONDER THOSE BOYS TRIED TO SKIP TOWN!

UNLESS, HE FIXED THE ELECTION HIMSELF!



THE BOYS RETURN TO CITY HALL WITH THE NEWS----



SHORT WHILE LATER---

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT I THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!



THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, HUH?

PULL 'EM IN AND STOP GABBING!



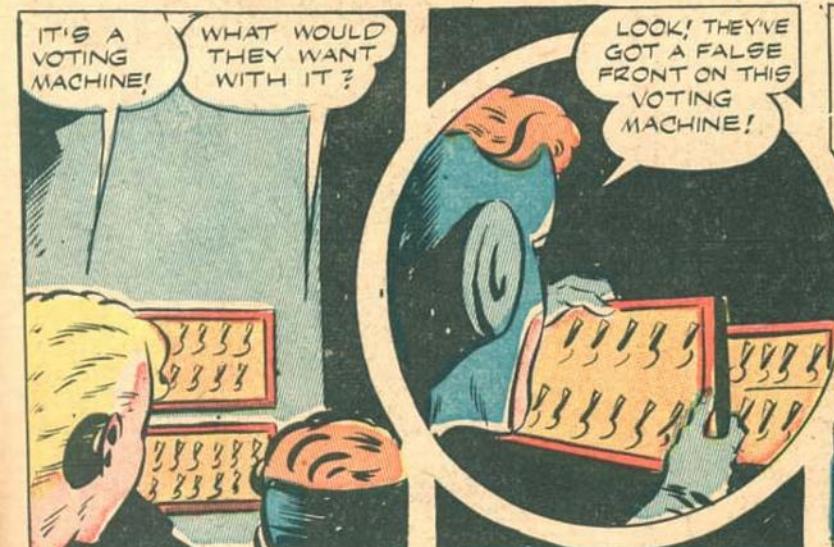
STEP ON IT,  
BOSS--WE'RE  
BEIN' TAILED!

OH, OH! THOSE  
COPS ARE VERY  
"SUBTLE" ABOUT  
FOLLOWING US,  
AREN'T THEY?

THE CAR PULLS UP AT DIXON'S HOME!

GLAD WE THREW  
THOSE COPS  
OFF OUR TRAIL!  
NOW WE'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THESE  
BRATS!

THE COPS'LL  
NEVER FIND  
US HERE!



DIXON'S GANG IS BIG ENOUGH TO WORK IT! ONE MAN BRINGS IN THE FALSE FRONT IN THE MORNING AND ANOTHER MAN TAKES IT OUT AT NIGHT!

WHAT A SET-UP!  
SHHHH--I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

THE DOOR OPENS---

HEY, YOUSE--DE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!

ONCE MORE THE BOY BUDDIES GO INTO ACTION!

HEY! LOOK THERE!

GOOD WORK--  
SEE YOU BELOW!

HUH?  
WHAT  
WHERE?

YOU HEARD  
HIM--DOWN  
YOU GO!

COME BACK  
OR I'LL  
PLUG YA--  
OOOPS!

NO, YOU  
COME  
DOWN  
HERE!

OUCH!

TSK-TSK--  
YOU MUST  
BE IN A  
HURRY TO  
GET ME!

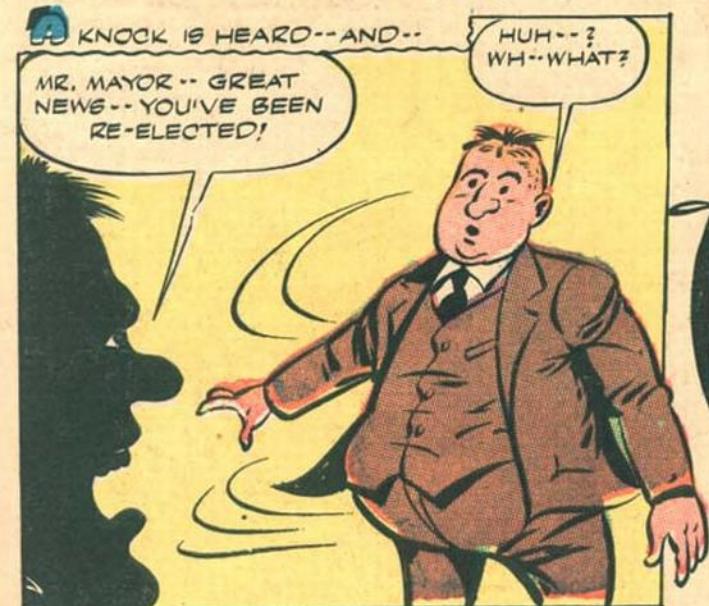
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON  
HERE?

NEVER MIND  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON--YOU'RE  
GOING OUT!

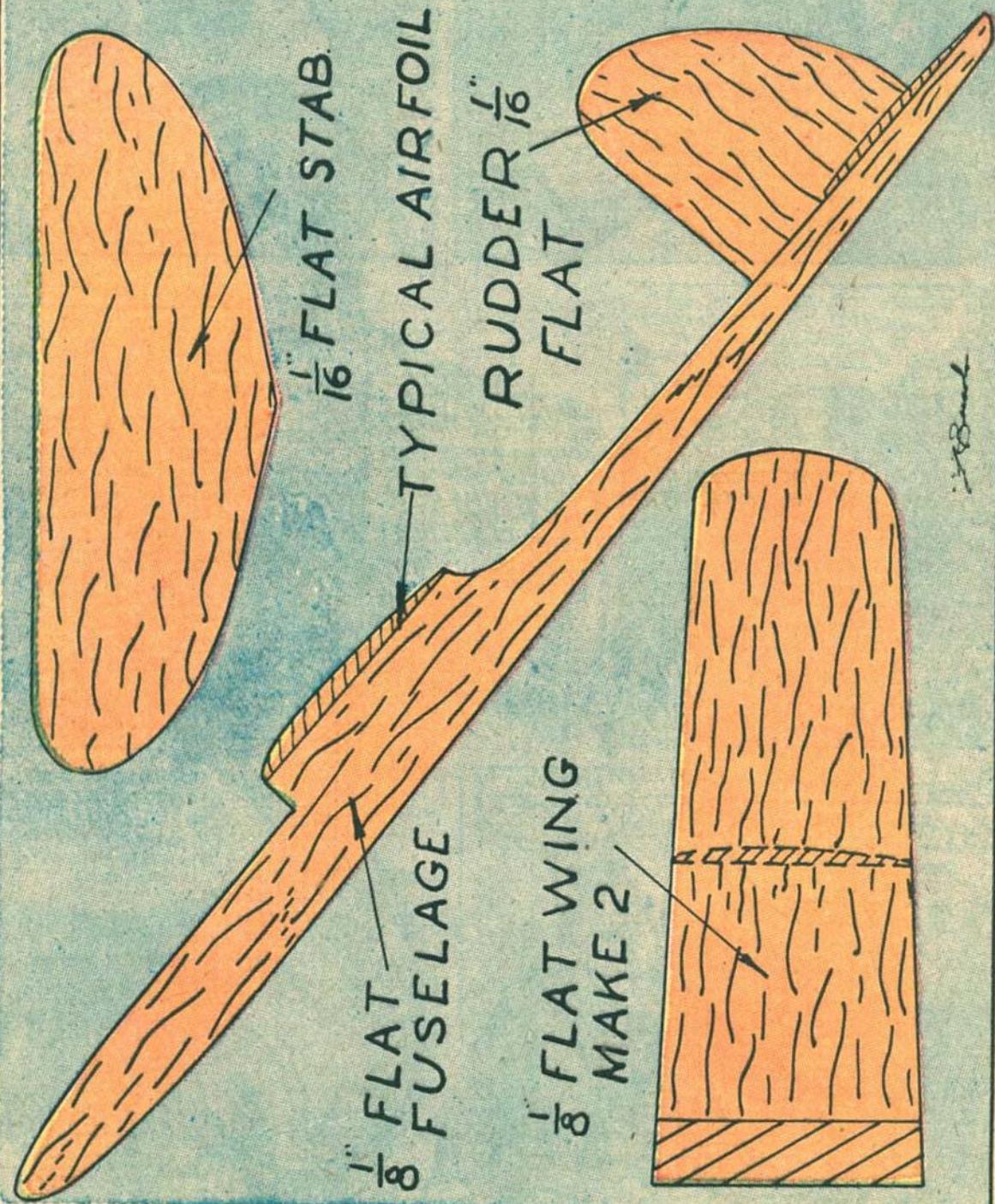
OOOK!

KPOM





# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PAGE



FLEETWING

## FLEETWING

THIS MONTH THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IS OFFERED A CONTEST TYPE GLIDER. HOWEVER, IN ORDER TO SAVE VITAL BALSA WE HAVE LIMITED THE SIZE OF THIS GLIDER TO CLASS "A". IN SPITE OF THIS LIMITED AREA, THIS GLIDER TURNS OUT BEAUTIFUL FLIGHTS WHEN PROPERLY ADJUSTED.

SOFT  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA CUT TO THE SHAPE SHOWN ON THE PLANS RENDERS US A WING PANEL. SAND THIS PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION (SHOWN ON THE PLANS). THE ADJACENT WING PANEL IS NOT SHOWN, BUT IT CAN BE MADE BY TRACING AROUND THE FIRST PANEL. BE SURE TO SAND THE AIRFOIL ON THE "TOP" SO THAT IT COINCIDES WITH THE FIRST PANEL. COAT THE BOTH ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH A BRUSH. SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER THE JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON, FORMS A NEAT, SMOOTH SKIN. EACH COAT SHOULD EXTEND  $\frac{1}{8}$ " OVER EACH PANEL AND SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO DRY BEFORE THE NEXT IS APPLIED. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY WITH WET OR DRY SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH IN ON THE RIGHT WING INCREASE THE ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR THE TIP AND SLIGHT WASH OUT ON THE LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

CUT THE FUSELAGE FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA (VERY HARD). THE SHAPE OF THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS SHOULD BE DUPLICATED ON THE BALSA. A "V" CUT IS PUT INTO THE TOP OF THE BODY TO HOLD THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE USED ON THE WING.

THE STABILIZER AND THE RUDDER ARE CUT FROM  $\frac{1}{16}$ " FLAT BALSA AND FINISHED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE. CEMENT ON RUDDER. CHECK ALIGNMENT. WARP RIGHT TURN IN THE RUDDER. APPLY SEVERAL COATS OF GLUE OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND ALMOST STRAIGHT UP. THE GLIDE IS ALSO TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC. IN TESTING THE GLIDE, START SLOWLY, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED OF THE THROW.

GET TOGETHER WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS AND ARRANGE CONTESTS. THE GREATEST TIME ALOFT WINS THE CONTEST. FLY YOUR GLIDER AND WIN.

DROP US A LINE AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU'RE MAKING OUT. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTEST OF ITS KIND - AND YOU'RE IN FOR LOADS OF FUN!

GOOD LUCK!

## JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST?

### HERE'S HOW TO JOIN:

WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, 60 HUDSON ST. ROOM 315, NEW YORK CITY---THEN WATCH HANGMAN COMICS, FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST...

CHARLES ALLEN BAITY-707 S. 23ST. FORT SMITH, ARK.  
JACQUELINE BRADY-BOX 576, HUDSON, N.Y.  
PEGGY LOE BOENKE-SUNSET, S.C.  
ORVILLE CADWELL-CANISTOTA, SD. DAKOTA  
HAROLD CLARDY-BOX 181, 10 ANDERSON ST. PEIDMONT, S.C.  
JACKIE CLINTON-642 ADELINA ST. TRENTON, N.J.  
FRIEDA CORBETT-BOX 47, STAUNTON, VA.  
EDWARD CORNELL-PONCA, NEBRASKA  
RICHARD CURRAN-214 31<sup>st</sup> ST BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
BOBBY DALTON-NO. MAPLE ST. MARION, KENTUCKY  
ANETTE DENHOF-10723-23<sup>rd</sup> ST. NE  
GORDON DICKSON JR.-940 NO SECOND ST. CAMDEN, NJ  
NORMAN EWELL-2411 HUNT AVE. NEWPORT NEWS, VA.  
SHIRLEY HEADLY-412 GUTNAM AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
VIVIAN LUCILLE HICKSON-ROUTE 1, FORNEY, TEXAS  
MELBOURNE HOGG-SEAFORD, VA.  
MONROE HORTON-1848 CONEY IS AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
JOHNNY JACKSON-3550 MAIN ST. PORT DEPOSIT, MD.  
PATRICIA JOHNSON-RT 1, BOX 772, BEAVERTON, ORE.  
WALTER LA JOIE JR.-341 GOUNDRY ST. NO TONA, N.Y.  
RALPH JONES-1217 CONRAD ST. WILMINGTON, DEL.  
RUTH M. KIRKPATRICK-1562 ST. CLAIR E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.  
PEGGY LOU KLACKNER-RR-1 CENTERVILLE PIKE Q.  
EDWARD A. LEBIT-5513 CONGRESS ST. BKLYN, N.Y.  
I. LESHKOWITZ-704 E. 5<sup>th</sup> ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
MASON LEVY JR.-218 E. 102 ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
HAROLD B. LIND JR.-5126 NOCONTO AVE. CHICAGO  
JUNE ELAINE MANDIGO-DE PEYSTER N.Y.  
CATHERINE McCUALEY-1 SHELDON ST.  
RICHARD J. McGEE-163 MITCHELL ST. RANTOUL, ILL.  
DOROTHY ANN MILLER-8412-86 RD. WOODHAVEN  
IRVING MONES-115 TAYLOR AVE. SO. NORWALK, CONN.  
CURTIS MULLINS-200 AVE. D.S.E. CHILDRESS, TEXAS  
WALTER NATRIN-4<sup>th</sup> AVE. LESTER, PA.  
JAMES NEUFELL-33 GUINAN ST.  
PAUL O'CONNOR-92 HIGH ST GREENFIELD, MASS.  
DANVELL LEE PERKINS-REEDSPORT, ORE.  
JULIO PERONI-517 OLD ELM ST CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.  
RICHARD PERZONOSKI-8616 LEANDER, DETROIT, MICH.  
BOBBY PIKE-14519 NOVARA, DETROIT, MICH.  
BRUCE RAINBOTH-SILVER LAKE, WASHINGTON  
WILLIAM R. RAWSTRON-243 WARREN ST. NEEDH. MRS.  
JAMES D. ROHLOFF-IXONIA, WISCONSIN  
GEORGE SACHE-4553 BLEIGH AVE. MAYFAIR, PA.  
PHYLLIS SCHMIDT-1511 CACHE ROAD, LAWTON, OKLA.  
BILLY SPRAY-ALLERTON, ILL.  
BERNARD SZEMERETO-667 CHARLES ST. P.A. N.J.  
JOHN TODORA-2680 CONGRESS RD. CAMDEN, N.J.  
MARIE L.J. VEVON-26 SO. HILLSIDE AVE. ELMFSORD, NY.  
EDWARD WAIMIELOWICZ-1611 OVERING ST. BRONX.  
FRED JR. WALKER-105 ELM ST. GASTONIA, NC.  
JOSEPH WASHINGTON-88 SUNRISE HWY, FREEPORT, NY.  
VIOLET WESCOTT-GREAT BEND, PENN.  
THOMAS R. ZIEMEK-5112 NO. OCONTO AVE. CHI. ILL.

# ROY and DUSTY in

# BOY BUDDIES

DUSTY'S LATE..  
HE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN HERE FIVE  
MINUTES AGO!



THE STREET CORNER RENDEZVOUS IS A GREAT AMERICAN HABIT, AND AN OPEN SESAME TO TROUBLE! BUT THE KIND OF TROUBLE THAT BEFALLS ROY, AS HE AWAITS A MEETING WITH DUSTY, SPELLS MORE TROUBLE FOR THE TROUBLEMAKERS WHO LEARN THAT PUSHING THE BOY BUDDIES AROUND IS A GILT-EDGED INVITATION TO DISASTER!

HARRISON



YEAH, YOU!  
LOOKIN' FOR  
TROUBLE, EH?

YOU'RE MAKING  
A MISTAKE  
MISTER.. I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
YOU!

WISE GUY, HUH?  
THIS'LL LEARN  
YA!

IF YOU INSIST ON  
AN INTRODUCTION...



MEANWHILE, DUSTY HASTENS  
TO THE MEETING PLACE...

I HOPE ROY ISN'T  
MAD AT BEING KEPT  
WAITING.. SAY WHAT'S  
THAT CROWD DOING  
.ON THE CORNER?

NOW HOLD YER  
GAB YOU TWO,  
AND TELL ME  
WHAT HAPPENED!

DAT BRAT STARTS  
TO CALL ME  
NAMES!!



STARTIN' A FIGHT, EH?  
SEEMS TO ME I SEEN  
YER BEFORE !!

WHY, THE  
DIRTY LIAR...  
I NEVER....

HEY!  
LOOK!  
YOU DUMB  
LUG, YOU A DUMB  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY!  
WHO YA  
CALLIN'  
A DUMB  
LUG?

I'LL HAVE  
YER KNOW, YER  
INSULTIN' AN  
OFFICER IN THE  
PERFORMANCE  
OF HIS DUTY!

PERFORMANCE  
IS RIGHT.. YOU  
OUGHTA BE IN  
A CIRCUS!

HELP! POLICE!  
THE STORE HAS  
BEEN ROBBED!  
SOMEONE GOT  
OUT THE BACK  
WAY, WHILE WE  
WERE IN FRONT!

WELRY  
STORE

THEY CLEANED  
OUT A SHOWCASE...  
WORTH THOUSANDS!  
I'LL BE FIRED!

THEY DID, HUH?  
I BET THIS BRAT  
STARTED THE  
RUMPAUS, TO  
DISTRACT YOU!

DID I CALL  
YOU A  
DUMB LUG?

FOR YOU  
THAT'S A  
COMPLIMENT!  
THANKS,  
DUSTY!





WAIT FOR  
ME HERE..  
BE RIGHT  
BACK !

THAT'S  
WHAT HE  
THINKS !

O.K. NOW  
LET'S HOPE  
THE CABBY'S  
A REGULAR  
GUY !!



SOME KID  
FOLLOWED  
YOU.. CLEAR  
OUT QUICK!

OH, YEAH..  
I HAD ENOUGH  
TROUBLE WIT'  
KIDS.. WE'LL  
STICK AROUND  
AND WAIT  
FOR HIM !

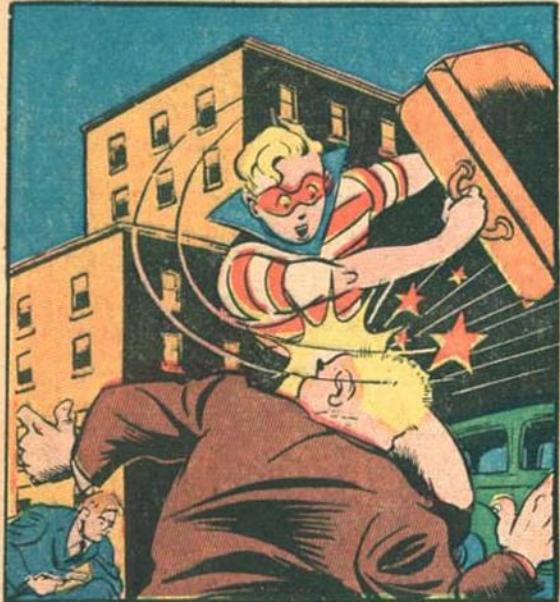
DON'T BE A  
SAP.. WHAT  
IF HE BRINGS  
THE COPS ?



I GOTTA BEAT  
IT BACK ..  
SEE YOU  
TONIGHT !

O.K., WE'LL --  
HALP !





# FREE with your order ...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

*now*  
**GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!**

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

## Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



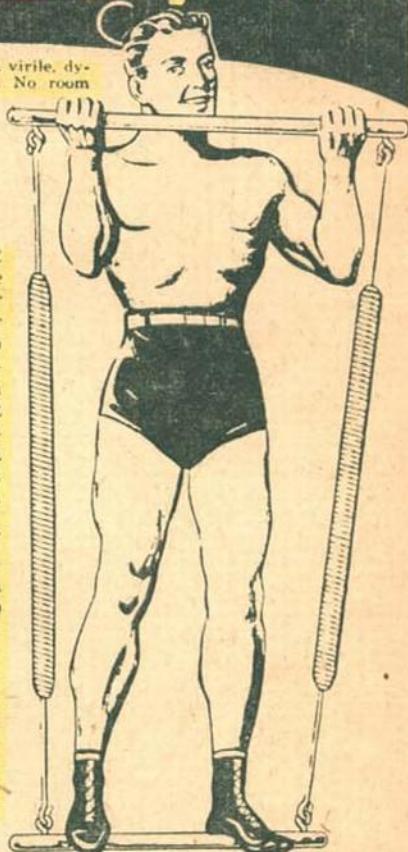
We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

**GUARANTEE**  
If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price.

**Send No Money**  
Sign your name to coupon checking upon outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

You get many posed pictorial picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

Muscle Power Co.  
P. O. Box 1,  
Station X, New York 54, N. Y.



## New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6710  
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95

Send Super strength set at \$6.95

Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60¢.

# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS

## OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS

UGLY  
BLACKHEADS

USE  
VACUTEX

ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
 $3\frac{1}{4}$ "

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8509  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
 I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

RUSH  
COUPON  
Send No  
MONEY

THEY'RE  
OUT!

# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME ...Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Flabby?

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peopless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HB-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.



## FREE BOOK

### "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3029 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

